

"DER WALD" AT THE OPERA.MISS SMYTH'S ONE-ACT LYRIC
DRAMA PRODUCED HERE.An Intensely Modern Work, in Which
a Vigorous Intellectuality is Active
—Text and Music Written by the Same
Author—"H. Trovatore." Also Sung.

An entirely new double bill was put forward at the Metropolitan Opera House last night. The first feature of it was a genuine novelty, an opera hitherto unknown to the Metropolitan boards and to the United States. This was "Der Wald," by Miss Ethel Smyth. It was followed by "Il Trovatore," which had not been heard previously in the course of the season. "Der Wald" was first performed in Berlin at the Royal Opera on April 9, 1902, and was one of the novelties of the last season at Covent Garden, London, where it was directed by Otto Lohse. It is a one-act work, and in order that it might have a fair hearing it was put at the beginning of last night's programme and the hour was set for 7.45. This was excellently suited to the requirements of professional observers of musical doings and the general public, but it was mortally hard on the society people, many of whom were committed to the hearty support of Miss Smyth and her ambition.

The production of an opera by a woman is a decided novelty, and it is not astonishing that the public turned out in good force to see what it was. After the curtain had fallen and the artists had been called out two or three times, Miss Smyth made her appearance. She was applauded to the echo and laden with flowers. She received seven recalls and departed from public view apparently well pleased with her treatment.

Miss Smyth, emulating the audacious Wagner, is her own librettist; and the story which she has conceived for "Der Wald" is one filled with good thought for musical embodiment. It is well supplied with opportunity for atmospheric effects and for emotional expression. It begins with a dim, nocturnal scene of the primeval forest. A still fire flames on an altar to Pan and nymphs are engaged in their devout devotions. In their chorus we hear the text of the dramatic sermon: "Hush! an joy and sorrows are swift and fleeting; we dwell here forever. The mystic lights and shadows of the forest fade in goodly darkness and the first scene of human tragedy begins. The forest is the same one, but in the foreground at one side is a hut, the home of Rothen and his father."

We learn that Rothen is betrothed to Heinrich, a young woodman. Friends come with gifts. There is happiness in the air. A pedlar appears and more gifts are bought from him. Suddenly a horn breathes in a far-off place, and all shudder with alarm. The inquiring pedlar reveals the truth: the horn of the forest, the mistress of the Landgrave and a fearful witch. Presently, when all have gone, young Heinrich arrives, dragging a deer which he has slain. Rothen is terrified, for it is death to slay deer. She persuades Heinrich to hide it in the well. The lurking pedlar sees him put it there, and decides that he will go and twang the crooked horn. The latter woe Heinrich, left alone, is confronted by Rothen, who has been hunting. She strives to ensure the youth by her beauty and passion, but his mind is on the deer. The pedlar naturally leaves the temptress to no cheerful frame of mind. The Landgrave comes and has a bitter quarrel with the youth on the subject of her infidelity. The hunting pedlar is caught by the huntsman, and it is about to go hard with him when he also his burden of blame by telling the pedlar that he has seen the deer. The Landgrave sees how he will be revenged on Heinrich, whom he suspects of too much favor with the pedlar. The pedlar consents to be her. Rothen conjures her lover to abandon his faith to her and save himself. But, rising with poetic courage above his low station, declares that his love is sacred and will outlast life. He scorns Rothen, and is set upon by her. Rothen falls senseless upon the spot.

Again darkness covers the scene and presently the altar flames and the nymphs reappear. The dim cathedral arches of the forest again reecho the old song. Human life and love are but a span; the spirit of the forest lives for ever. The scene is intensely dramatic story, and its only serious fault is its abundance of incident. It would doubtless be stronger if it were simpler, but it is a masterpiece of its kind, and would be worked out with less material.

An exhaustive review of this ambitious little work cannot be given in the space of a column. It is doubtful, however, whether a summary of first impressions will not serve all useful ends. Miss Smyth has endeavored to build her musical scheme on a plan similar to that of the old French overture, with a slow movement at the beginning and another at the end, and a quick movement between them. The two atmospheric forest scenes are the slow movements and the tragedy the allegro appassionato.

A contrast in moods is afforded by the change from the first forest scene to the peasant dance and merry-making. The tragedy is now gradually developed till its emotional climax is reached. The scene is set in the forest, and the story is told in a perfectly clear that the composer aimed at reaching her high level of music in quietude in the earlier scenes of Heinrich and Rothen to the forest.

The principal characteristic of the work is vigor and masculinity. No woman who did not know would suspect that this score was the work of a woman. It is the product of a mind which works far from feminine moods. Nothing could be more dramatic, more masculine, more virile, more sympathetic of the young person are wholly absent from the work. Unquestionably the stern direction of the work is due to the composer's own personal consideration and attention to its path toward popularity.

Logic is a good thing and the light of judgment is a good thing, but a single burst of overmastering passion has many a time and oft confounded sage and unaided by the sense. A truly dramatic work is one which is not only a masterpiece of its kind, but which is also a masterpiece of its kind. The work is a masterpiece of its kind, and it is a masterpiece of its kind.

The performance was remarkable. The first feature of it was a genuine novelty, an opera hitherto unknown to the Metropolitan boards and to the United States. This was "Der Wald," by Miss Ethel Smyth. It was followed by "Il Trovatore," which had not been heard previously in the course of the season. "Der Wald" was first performed in Berlin at the Royal Opera on April 9, 1902, and was one of the novelties of the last season at Covent Garden, London, where it was directed by Otto Lohse. It is a one-act work, and in order that it might have a fair hearing it was put at the beginning of last night's programme and the hour was set for 7.45. This was excellently suited to the requirements of professional observers of musical doings and the general public, but it was mortally hard on the society people, many of whom were committed to the hearty support of Miss Smyth and her ambition.

Miss Smyth, emulating the audacious Wagner, is her own librettist; and the story which she has conceived for "Der Wald" is one filled with good thought for musical embodiment. It is well supplied with opportunity for atmospheric effects and for emotional expression. It begins with a dim, nocturnal scene of the primeval forest. A still fire flames on an altar to Pan and nymphs are engaged in their devout devotions. In their chorus we hear the text of the dramatic sermon: "Hush! an joy and sorrows are swift and fleeting; we dwell here forever. The mystic lights and shadows of the forest fade in goodly darkness and the first scene of human tragedy begins. The forest is the same one, but in the foreground at one side is a hut, the home of Rothen and his father."

We learn that Rothen is betrothed to Heinrich, a young woodman. Friends come with gifts. There is happiness in the air. A pedlar appears and more gifts are bought from him. Suddenly a horn breathes in a far-off place, and all shudder with alarm. The inquiring pedlar reveals the truth: the horn of the forest, the mistress of the Landgrave and a fearful witch. Presently, when all have gone, young Heinrich arrives, dragging a deer which he has slain. Rothen is terrified, for it is death to slay deer. She persuades Heinrich to hide it in the well. The lurking pedlar sees him put it there, and decides that he will go and twang the crooked horn. The latter woe Heinrich, left alone, is confronted by Rothen, who has been hunting. She strives to ensure the youth by her beauty and passion, but his mind is on the deer. The pedlar naturally leaves the temptress to no cheerful frame of mind. The Landgrave comes and has a bitter quarrel with the youth on the subject of her infidelity. The hunting pedlar is caught by the huntsman, and it is about to go hard with him when he also his burden of blame by telling the pedlar that he has seen the deer. The Landgrave sees how he will be revenged on Heinrich, whom he suspects of too much favor with the pedlar. The pedlar consents to be her. Rothen conjures her lover to abandon his faith to her and save himself. But, rising with poetic courage above his low station, declares that his love is sacred and will outlast life. He scorns Rothen, and is set upon by her. Rothen falls senseless upon the spot.

Again darkness covers the scene and presently the altar flames and the nymphs reappear. The dim cathedral arches of the forest again reecho the old song. Human life and love are but a span; the spirit of the forest lives for ever. The scene is intensely dramatic story, and its only serious fault is its abundance of incident. It would doubtless be stronger if it were simpler, but it is a masterpiece of its kind, and would be worked out with less material.

THEATRE HERE AND ABROAD.HUMORS AND FOLLIES OF PLAYS
AND PLAYGOERS.A Biting Man's Comment on the Parson
in "Ghosts"—Paul Heyse and the
German Censor—D'Annunzio's Historical
Project—Good but Neglected Comedies.

"Ghosts" is a play of antique simplicity. We compared it once to a string quartet performance in which the music made an intense, intimate with tragic pauses and an overwhelming desolation. Yet this piece, so easy to understand, provokes the most economical comments from some audiences. No doubt Mr. Shaw and his company could tell some funny stories.

Last Saturday night a small man with a large "load" gave personal pleasure to those who sat within range of him—and the Osborn Playhouse is a band box. He was not irrelevant, not a bald note sung by him; but he took too deep an interest in the play, and, indeed, that at the beginning of the third act he sobbed aloud:

"That there minister hadn't ought to drink so much."

We were all shocked. Pastor Manders, as you know, is a man of unblemished habits, and as portrayed by that excellent actor, Maurice Wilkinson, he never suggests for a moment the besetting vice of fingerstod. But the critic in the stalls saw matters in a different light. For him Darkest Ibsen gave up new ghosts. When ever Manders appeared he called out:

"Ha, ha! Been to the club again! Say, you old soak, you ought to be ashamed!" One interested in the play gently remonstrated. It was not successful. "Go chase yourself," was all the young man said.

Earlier in the week a woman in one of the boxes screamed as Mary Shaw solemnly intoned: "Ghosts! Ghosts!" So there are all manner of folk at an Ibsen play, though none quite so original as the sceptic who believed not in the worthy clerical busybody. We recall the time when the Ibsen became a sun worshipper, or noisy friend seemed dumbstruck. It only lasted a moment. He burst into cheers and rudely clapped a pair of No. 11 hands.

"Well, of all the gilles, say, why didn't he yell for the Police Gazette?" This sounds too good to be true, but, nevertheless, it is true.

The censorship that will deprive Berlin from hearing Paul Heyse's "Mary of Magdala" is ridiculous when you think it over, especially in a city that listens to Sudermann. The Heyse play is harmless, is old-fashioned; but Prussian hypocrisy has won.

Perhaps the Emperor is not in the best of humor after his recent tilt with Delius and the gentle critical drubbing administered by Harnack. "L'Eglise, est moi!" is his old watchword, and doubtless "The theatre—I am I!" will be his new one.

It is lucky this decision came here after the success of "Mary of Magdala" was assured. Many people are imitative in matters theatrical, and the pulpit of Waterbury and elsewhere would have taken the thing seriously. But it is too late. Mrs. Fiske is enjoying success in Cincinnati, though soon we expect to hear the usual yawp.

London is no whit better in this kind of cheap puritanism. Work the oracle the right way, however, and almost any sort of play will be endured if it smells of piety.

Here is that old trick turned up again of a winning head of Christ. Herbert Salomon, the comedian, exhibited a picture with eyes that seem to open and shut. Gabriel Max painted a "Handkerchief Trick," as it was called twenty years ago. Now, it is called "The Handkerchief Trick," and the Heyse drama than in this conjurer's illusion?

The fact that many eminent Berlin artists and literary celebrities protested, such as Mommen, Menzel, Sudermann and others, may have some effect with the Emperor.

We hope so.

D'Annunzio is still building that new national theatre in Rome. He is writing for it "King Numa" and intends to give his attention to three epochs in Florentine history for dramatic treatment: "The Republic," and "Medici." If the theatre is ever built, much good American money will go into the enterprise, as Lieber & Co. are testing the waters of the theatre in the time set for the opening.

Hart Conway has produced George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" at the Studebaker Theatre, Chicago. The students of the school of acting connected with the Chicago Musical College played this comedy, which is delicious. London several seasons ago roared over its delicate ironies, its topey-turvy humor and its brilliant epigrams.

How is it that theatrical managers go about bewailing the dearth of good comedy when Mr. Shaw's plays are published in three slender volumes? "Ghosts" and "Candida" would make the fortune of a clever play of the kind of comedy we want. The plays have no "heart interest"; they leave one with a diminished respect for one's self and one's herd. Name of a pipe! But they have a finer interest; they joggle up that refractory organ; they make you laugh, all kinds of laughter—coarse, nasal, ventriloquist, intellectual and snickering laughter. Why look a gift horse in the mouth if your audience laughs?

When the Ferenzy company played "The Belle of New York" in Austria and Germany it was called "Die Schone von New York," and it was not well done. Now the piece has been put in Vienna at the Central Theatre and is called "Die Madonnen von der Hellesmühl," and is a success. What is in a name? The Salvation Army Girls would kill the opera in the long run.

The late Kate Vaughan took no pleasure in her dancing. The London Era reports her as saying: "I cannot remember the day when I did not hate to hear the band strike up the waltz, and it was time to dance."

ARMY OTHER MOST IMPERIAL CHINESE TABLET.

San Francisco, March 11. An imperial Chinese tablet, stolen at the time the Emperor's Palace in Peking was looted, has been found here in the baggage of a captain in the United States Army. He declared he found it for it and was ignorant of its value. The tablet was found in the baggage of a Chinese soldier who was sent to the United States to be trained in the Chinese language.

Seven Students Suspended for Hazing.

Yates, Ohio, March 11. As a result of the investigation of the faculty of Heidelberg University into the hazing of seven students at the university, yesterday seven students who took part in the hazing were suspended for a year.

First Edition.

The marriage of Miss Anna W. Friedman, daughter of the late John A. Friedman, to Mr. John A. Friedman, Jr., took place at the church of the Holy Trinity, New York, on March 11. The bride was accompanied by her father, and the groom by his father, Mr. John A. Friedman, Jr.

Over Sea.

Arthur Meyer was married to Miss Helene Meyer at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Meyer, at 100 West 10th Street, New York, on March 11. The bride was accompanied by her father, and the groom by his father, Mr. Nathan Meyer.

And I Couldn't Have Anticipated a Woman.

Miss Smyth, emulating the audacious Wagner, is her own librettist; and the story which she has conceived for "Der Wald" is one filled with good thought for musical embodiment. It is well supplied with opportunity for atmospheric effects and for emotional expression. It begins with a dim, nocturnal scene of the primeval forest. A still fire flames on an altar to Pan and nymphs are engaged in their devout devotions. In their chorus we hear the text of the dramatic sermon: "Hush! an joy and sorrows are swift and fleeting; we dwell here forever. The mystic lights and shadows of the forest fade in goodly darkness and the first scene of human tragedy begins. The forest is the same one, but in the foreground at one side is a hut, the home of Rothen and his father."

THEATRE HERE AND ABROAD.HUMORS AND FOLLIES OF PLAYS
AND PLAYGOERS.A Biting Man's Comment on the Parson
in "Ghosts"—Paul Heyse and the
German Censor—D'Annunzio's Historical
Project—Good but Neglected Comedies.

"Ghosts" is a play of antique simplicity. We compared it once to a string quartet performance in which the music made an intense, intimate with tragic pauses and an overwhelming desolation. Yet this piece, so easy to understand, provokes the most economical comments from some audiences. No doubt Mr. Shaw and his company could tell some funny stories.

Last Saturday night a small man with a large "load" gave personal pleasure to those who sat within range of him—and the Osborn Playhouse is a band box. He was not irrelevant, not a bald note sung by him; but he took too deep an interest in the play, and, indeed, that at the beginning of the third act he sobbed aloud:

"That there minister hadn't ought to drink so much."

We were all shocked. Pastor Manders, as you know, is a man of unblemished habits, and as portrayed by that excellent actor, Maurice Wilkinson, he never suggests for a moment the besetting vice of fingerstod. But the critic in the stalls saw matters in a different light. For him Darkest Ibsen gave up new ghosts. When ever Manders appeared he called out:

"Ha, ha! Been to the club again! Say, you old soak, you ought to be ashamed!" One interested in the play gently remonstrated. It was not successful. "Go chase yourself," was all the young man said.

Earlier in the week a woman in one of the boxes screamed as Mary Shaw solemnly intoned: "Ghosts! Ghosts!" So there are all manner of folk at an Ibsen play, though none quite so original as the sceptic who believed not in the worthy clerical busybody. We recall the time when the Ibsen became a sun worshipper, or noisy friend seemed dumbstruck. It only lasted a moment. He burst into cheers and rudely clapped a pair of No. 11 hands.

"Well, of all the gilles, say, why didn't he yell for the Police Gazette?" This sounds too good to be true, but, nevertheless, it is true.

The censorship that will deprive Berlin from hearing Paul Heyse's "Mary of Magdala" is ridiculous when you think it over, especially in a city that listens to Sudermann. The Heyse play is harmless, is old-fashioned; but Prussian hypocrisy has won.

Perhaps the Emperor is not in the best of humor after his recent tilt with Delius and the gentle critical drubbing administered by Harnack. "L'Eglise, est moi!" is his old watchword, and doubtless "The theatre—I am I!" will be his new one.

It is lucky this decision came here after the success of "Mary of Magdala" was assured. Many people are imitative in matters theatrical, and the pulpit of Waterbury and elsewhere would have taken the thing seriously. But it is too late. Mrs. Fiske is enjoying success in Cincinnati, though soon we expect to hear the usual yawp.

London is no whit better in this kind of cheap puritanism. Work the oracle the right way, however, and almost any sort of play will be endured if it smells of piety.

Here is that old trick turned up again of a winning head of Christ. Herbert Salomon, the comedian, exhibited a picture with eyes that seem to open and shut. Gabriel Max painted a "Handkerchief Trick," as it was called twenty years ago. Now, it is called "The Handkerchief Trick," and the Heyse drama than in this conjurer's illusion?

The fact that many eminent Berlin artists and literary celebrities protested, such as Mommen, Menzel, Sudermann and others, may have some effect with the Emperor.

We hope so.

D'Annunzio is still building that new national theatre in Rome. He is writing for it "King Numa" and intends to give his attention to three epochs in Florentine history for dramatic treatment: "The Republic," and "Medici." If the theatre is ever built, much good American money will go into the enterprise, as Lieber & Co. are testing the waters of the theatre in the time set for the opening.

Hart Conway has produced George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" at the Studebaker Theatre, Chicago. The students of the school of acting connected with the Chicago Musical College played this comedy, which is delicious. London several seasons ago roared over its delicate ironies, its topey-turvy humor and its brilliant epigrams.

How is it that theatrical managers go about bewailing the dearth of good comedy when Mr. Shaw's plays are published in three slender volumes? "Ghosts" and "Candida" would make the fortune of a clever play of the kind of comedy we want. The plays have no "heart interest"; they leave one with a diminished respect for one's self and one's herd. Name of a pipe! But they have a finer interest; they joggle up that refractory organ; they make you laugh, all kinds of laughter—coarse, nasal, ventriloquist, intellectual and snickering laughter. Why look a gift horse in the mouth if your audience laughs?

When the Ferenzy company played "The Belle of New York" in Austria and Germany it was called "Die Schone von New York," and it was not well done. Now the piece has been put in Vienna at the Central Theatre and is called "Die Madonnen von der Hellesmühl," and is a success. What is in a name? The Salvation Army Girls would kill the opera in the long run.

The late Kate Vaughan took no pleasure in her dancing. The London Era reports her as saying: "I cannot remember the day when I did not hate to hear the band strike up the waltz, and it was time to dance."

ARMY OTHER MOST IMPERIAL CHINESE TABLET.

San Francisco, March 11. An imperial Chinese tablet, stolen at the time the Emperor's Palace in Peking was looted, has been found here in the baggage of a captain in the United States Army. He declared he found it for it and was ignorant of its value. The tablet was found in the baggage of a Chinese soldier who was sent to the United States to be trained in the Chinese language.

Seven Students Suspended for Hazing.

Yates, Ohio, March 11. As a result of the investigation of the faculty of Heidelberg University into the hazing of seven students at the university, yesterday seven students who took part in the hazing were suspended for a year.

First Edition.

The marriage of Miss Anna W. Friedman, daughter of the late John A. Friedman, to Mr. John A. Friedman, Jr., took place at the church of the Holy Trinity, New York, on March 11. The bride was accompanied by her father, and the groom by his father, Mr. John A. Friedman, Jr.

Over Sea.

Arthur Meyer was married to Miss Helene Meyer at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Meyer, at 100 West 10th Street, New York, on March 11. The bride was accompanied by her father, and the groom by his father, Mr. Nathan Meyer.

And I Couldn't Have Anticipated a Woman.

Miss Smyth, emulating the audacious Wagner, is her own librettist; and the story which she has conceived for "Der Wald" is one filled with good thought for musical embodiment. It is well supplied with opportunity for atmospheric effects and for emotional expression. It begins with a dim, nocturnal scene of the primeval forest. A still fire flames on an altar to Pan and nymphs are engaged in their devout devotions. In their chorus we hear the text of the dramatic sermon: "Hush! an joy and sorrows are swift and fleeting; we dwell here forever. The mystic lights and shadows of the forest fade in goodly darkness and the first scene of human tragedy begins. The forest is the same one, but in the foreground at one side is a hut, the home of Rothen and his father."

THEATRE HERE AND ABROAD.HUMORS AND FOLLIES OF PLAYS
AND PLAYGOERS.A Biting Man's Comment on the Parson
in "Ghosts"—Paul Heyse and the
German Censor—D'Annunzio's Historical
Project—Good but Neglected Comedies.

"Ghosts" is a play of antique simplicity. We compared it once to a string quartet performance in which the music made an intense, intimate with tragic pauses and an overwhelming desolation. Yet this piece, so easy to understand, provokes the most economical comments from some audiences. No doubt Mr. Shaw and his company could tell some funny stories.

Last Saturday night a small man with a large "load" gave personal pleasure to those who sat within range of him—and the Osborn Playhouse is a band box. He was not irrelevant, not a bald note sung by him; but he took too deep an interest in the play, and, indeed, that at the beginning of the third act he sobbed aloud:

"That there minister hadn't ought to drink so much."

We were all shocked. Pastor Manders, as you know, is a man of unblemished habits, and as portrayed by that excellent actor, Maurice Wilkinson, he never suggests for a moment the besetting vice of fingerstod. But the critic in the stalls saw matters in a different light. For him Darkest Ibsen gave up new ghosts. When ever Manders appeared he called out:

"Ha, ha! Been to the club again! Say, you old soak, you ought to be ashamed!" One interested in the play gently remonstrated. It was not successful. "Go chase yourself," was all the young man said.

Earlier in the week a woman in one of the boxes screamed as Mary Shaw solemnly intoned: "Ghosts! Ghosts!" So there are all manner of folk at an Ibsen play, though none quite so original as the sceptic who believed not in the worthy clerical busybody. We recall the time when the Ibsen became a sun worshipper, or noisy friend seemed dumbstruck. It only lasted a moment. He burst into cheers and rudely clapped a pair of No. 11 hands.

"Well, of all the gilles, say, why didn't he yell for the Police Gazette?" This sounds too good to be true, but, nevertheless, it is true.

The censorship that will deprive Berlin from hearing Paul Heyse's "Mary of Magdala" is ridiculous when you think it over, especially in a city that listens to Sudermann. The Heyse play is harmless, is old-fashioned; but Prussian hypocrisy has won.

Perhaps the Emperor is not in the best of humor after his recent tilt with Delius and the gentle critical drubbing administered by Harnack. "L'Eglise, est moi!" is his old watchword, and doubtless "The theatre—I am I!" will be his new one.

It is lucky this decision came here after the success of "Mary of Magdala" was assured. Many people are imitative in matters theatrical, and the pulpit of Waterbury and elsewhere would have taken the thing seriously. But it is too late. Mrs. Fiske is enjoying success in Cincinnati, though soon we expect to hear the usual yawp.

London is no whit better in this kind of cheap puritanism. Work the oracle the right way, however, and almost any sort of play will be endured if it smells of piety.

Here is that old trick turned up again of a winning head of Christ. Herbert Salomon, the comedian, exhibited a picture with eyes that seem to open and shut. Gabriel Max painted a "Handkerchief Trick," as it was called twenty years ago. Now, it is called "The Handkerchief Trick," and the Heyse drama than in this conjurer's illusion?

The fact that many eminent Berlin artists and literary celebrities protested, such as Mommen, Menzel, Sudermann and others, may have some effect with the Emperor.

We hope so.

D'Annunzio is still building that new national theatre in Rome. He is writing for it "King Numa" and intends to give his attention to three epochs in Florentine history for dramatic treatment: "The Republic," and "Medici." If the theatre is ever built, much good American money will go into the enterprise, as Lieber & Co. are testing the waters of the theatre in the time set for the opening.

Hart Conway has produced George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" at the Studebaker Theatre, Chicago. The students of the school of acting connected with the Chicago Musical College played this comedy, which is delicious. London several seasons ago roared over its delicate ironies, its topey-turvy humor and its brilliant epigrams.

How is it that theatrical managers go about bewailing the dearth of good comedy when Mr. Shaw's plays are published in three slender volumes? "Ghosts" and "Candida" would make the fortune of a clever play of the kind of comedy we want. The plays have no "heart interest"; they leave one with a diminished respect for one's self and one's herd. Name of a pipe! But they have a finer interest; they joggle up that refractory organ; they make you laugh, all kinds of laughter—coarse, nasal, ventriloquist, intellectual and snickering laughter. Why look a gift horse in the mouth if your audience laughs?

When the Ferenzy company played "The Belle of New York" in Austria and Germany it was called "Die Schone von New York," and it was not well done. Now the piece has been put in Vienna at the Central Theatre and is called "Die Madonnen von der Hellesmühl," and is a success. What is in a name? The Salvation Army Girls would kill the opera in the long run.

The late Kate Vaughan took no pleasure in her dancing. The London Era reports her as saying: "I cannot remember the day when I did not hate to hear the band strike up the waltz, and it was time to dance."

ARMY OTHER MOST IMPERIAL CHINESE TABLET.

San Francisco, March 11. An imperial Chinese tablet, stolen at the time the Emperor's Palace in Peking was looted, has been found here in the baggage of a captain in the United States Army. He declared he found it for it and was ignorant of its value. The tablet was found in the baggage of a Chinese soldier who was sent to the United States to be trained in the Chinese language.

Seven Students Suspended for Hazing.

Yates, Ohio, March 11. As a result of the investigation of the faculty of Heidelberg University into the hazing of seven students at the university, yesterday seven students who took part in the hazing were suspended for a year.

First Edition.

The marriage of Miss Anna W. Friedman, daughter of the late John A. Friedman, to Mr. John A. Friedman, Jr., took place at the church of the Holy Trinity, New York, on March 11. The bride was accompanied by her father, and the groom by his father, Mr. John A. Friedman, Jr.

Over Sea.

Arthur Meyer was married to Miss Helene Meyer at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Meyer, at 100 West 10th Street, New York, on March 11. The bride was accompanied by her father, and the groom by his father, Mr. Nathan Meyer.

And I Couldn't Have Anticipated a Woman.

Miss Smyth, emulating the audacious Wagner, is her own librettist; and the story which she has conceived for "Der Wald" is one filled with good thought for musical embodiment. It is well supplied with opportunity for atmospheric effects and for emotional expression. It begins with a dim, nocturnal scene of the primeval forest. A still fire flames on an altar to Pan and nymphs are engaged in their devout devotions. In their chorus we hear the text of the dramatic sermon: "Hush! an joy and sorrows are swift and fleeting; we dwell here forever. The mystic lights and shadows of the forest fade in goodly darkness and the first scene of human tragedy begins. The forest is the same one, but in the foreground at one side is a hut, the home of Rothen and his father."

JOURNEYS

An Instant Success

By JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

"A capital story."—Boston Transcript.
"An absorbing book."—Financial Review.
"A spanking good story."—Chicago Tribune.
"A bright little comedy."—Brooklyn Life.
"Excellent well told."—Phila. Telegraph.
"A dainty, charming tale."—Buffalo News.
"The story is delightful."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"A compound which readers will find very palatable."—Boston Journal.
"An animated and readable story."—N. Y. Sun.
"A well told and entertaining story."—Detroit Free Press.

"Really a charming book."—Phila. Public Ledger.
"A thoroughly likable story."—Newark Advertiser.
"Entertaining from cover to cover."—Albany Argus.

"Sparkling in cleverness and refreshing in originality."—Louisville Times.
"A pervasive charm akin to Barrie."—Boston Advertiser.

Beautifully Illustrated by Anderson, \$1.50
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, 34 Union Sq. E., N. Y.

Coffee Wagon for Brooklyn Firemen.
The firemen of Brooklyn received yesterday their new coffee wagon, which is to be used by Chief Murray at all big fires to supply sandwiches and hot coffee to the firemen. The wagon is supplied with a small gas tank so that the coffee can be kept hot for hours. The firemen will pay the expenses of keeping it, which will amount to only a few cents a month for each man.

TAX CASE WITNESS ARRESTED.
Alec Harcourt, who testified against Springer, Admits a Theft.
George Harcourt, the actor, who was the chief witness against Nathan Springer in the tax dummy prosecution, was arraigned before Magistrate Crane in Jefferson Market court yesterday, on a charge of larceny. The complaint was made by F. A. L. Harcourt, the actor's brother, who is a ticket speculator, said that he gave Harcourt \$10 to purchase six tickets at Wallack's Theatre and never got the tickets or the money. Harcourt admitted it and on his promise to refund the money he was released until to-day. Harcourt left court saying that he would raise the money by pawning his clothes. He could get \$60 for them, he said.